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1949

The MISSOURI SCHOOL JOURNAL

REMOTE STORAGE

MIRACLES UNFOLD

Esther Donaldson

The season of Miracles returns—birds wing northward from their southern sojourn away from cold blasts. After being ice-bound, with cutting winds whipping around tree and shrubs, we see them throw off their wintry shackles and emerge in warmth and beauty of the Spring.

Breezes, sun-rayed, blow their kisses and whisper, "Awaken, Awaken" to every bush, tree and grass blades. "'Tis time to arise, array yourselves in pastel hues, make your obeisance to new life, another Spring."

Spring comes lilting, dancing, trailing her garlands of roses and thorns. Softly the leaves' tender curls she undresses while breathing glowing kisses on nestlings' eider feathery tresses. Power models all—these birds, buds, flowers, grasses, and trees strut and parade, bow and bob, as they show new life in Spring.

We, too, like flowers, feel new life flowing as Spring comes into being. Let us be alerted to new beauty, love, thoughts attuned and turned to the Creator of this renewal of life, and understanding harmony Spring brings action and a plan for growth—let us follow Nature's ways.

THE MISSOURI SCHOOL JOURNAL CO.
Vol. 64 April - May No.4

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MISSOURI SCHOOL JOURNAL

ESTHER DONALDSON. *Editor*
RUTH COLLINS, *Assistant Editor*
KATHRYN CROSS, *Poetry Editor*

April - May 1949

Vol. 64 No. 4

Esther Donaldson, Editor.

WHITHER

We have gone too far afield—let us pull in our reins—let us take stock before we go headlong into the unknown.

Why all the haste?—Non-stop flights around the world in 94 hours. What has that done for the betterment of mankind? Will that make us any better morally, spiritually or physically? Or is it just a boast of what we can do? Our showing off—at someone else expense. One refueling plane missing with ten aboard—lives, blood, resources, all for the sake of a non-stop flight around the world in 94 hours.

Humanity goes on living with its ills, unhappiness, disappointments and poverty. We do so little—with one hand we extend help, and with the other we make bombs, fast flying planes, do speed stunts to attract attention, while we deal the deadly blow to counteract the life giving of the one hand.

Let us find our balance that we may find a peace in our daily lives, in our homes, and that it will be so throughout the whole world amongst all people, a trusting of ourselves and all others.

Published Monthly Except July and August by the
Missouri School Journal Publishing Co.
2617 Louisiana Ave. St. Louis, Mo.
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FORGIVENESS!

Agnes Ruth Hoffinger

Peter asked Jesus: "How often shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him, until seven times?" The Master answered: "Not until seven times, but until seventy times seven." This is what Jesus tells me to do. Why such instruction? Because forgiveness is not altogether for the other person. It does something for me too, for in order to forgive a wrong, I have to rise above it. This takes me out of its atmosphere. Again, in order to feel no resentment toward the individual whom I hold responsible for hurting me, I have to make the happening an experience with God, not with a human person, and therefore first of all I must talk it over not with a man or a woman but with God. Then it becomes possible, as someone has said, not simply to trade forgiveness for an apology; not to make forgiveness mere merchandising.

See what Jesus does under such circumstances. Listen to him say, as the men are hammering the nails into his hands and feet: "Father forgive them." To him it is something about which to talk with God and no one else, therefore he does not take the matter up with the men. Rather does he turn away from his enemies and turn to God. Thus he teaches me that only after I have spoken with God about a so-called enemy, have I a right to speak to man. What my Divine Parent more often than not will say to me, the Master said: "Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you" (Matt. 5:7).

Someone has said: "Forgiveness changes the man whom you forgive." Look at Peter who is Jesus' disciple and the Master certainly has done a great deal for this fisherman. Even so, when his great teacher is in disrepute, and Peter is afraid of what might happen to himself in consequence, cursing and swearing, he says that he is not even acquainted with Jesus. In spite of this, Peter's lie, among the first commands that Jesus gives after his resurrection from the dead is this: "Go tell my disciples AND PETER." He seems to want to share his great triumph with this Peter who had just a short time ago deserted him and denied him. When, on several occasions after this, he meets Peter personally, he does not indignantly demand an apology. He does not even mention the occurrence, but gives Peter the privilege of continuing the work Jesus had himself begun, the preaching of the gospel and the healing of the sick. Jesus says to him: "Feed my sheep." The fisherman who had denied Jesus is changed into an evangelist.

The one who wrongs me shall be forgiven "seventy times seven" for my benefit as well as for his, for his sin against me necessitates my looking up and saying, "Father" and this contact with the Divine Parent makes me look out and say to him who has done me an injury, "Brother", for God unites when we would separate.

FOLKLORE

Let us treasure and keep alive traditions that have been handed down to us from the first settlers that set foot on these shores. The ballads sung, chanted, even monotoned by rapidly disappearing groups. These groups are fast disappearing from our midst.

Let the schools teach the folklore of their community, the songs of ages, for folklore gives depth to the love of country with feet firmly planted in the soil.

Folklore is that intangible which binds our present lives to the workings of everyday life of those in the past. To the children it means games where each one has a part, being only a part of the whole, where dancing and singing are combined for pleasure.

The old mother of the hills raises her family with the ballads that the hills sing—the children in turn do the same. They should not lose that character which makes them what they are for if they do lose it they have lost part of their soul.

It is good to have community interests bound together for a better country and a better world—makes for better citizens.

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NAME IN GOLD

By Ruth P. Collins

From the big house on the top of the hill James Craig could survey all his kingdom. By night he could see his name,—a half-mile away,—etched in ten-foot neon lights against the sky. CRAIG CANNERIES. By day it gave him grim satisfaction to gaze down over his thousand acres of the finest apple orchard in the country.

He was flushed with anger, however, that May morning, as he hobbled down towards the pasture-land. He banged his walking-stick against the sign TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED, as he came up to the gate. "Hi, there, can't you read?" he roared.

The little boy on the other side stopped short. A sturdy little five-year-old with the wind sweeping back sunny curls and fluttering the tiny Stars-and-Stripes in his hand. "Not big words—yet," he said and his smile was as dis-arming as the words.

The old man's gaze had gone on to the girl tearing off the branches of blossom from the apple tree. It was old, gnarled, with branches hanging low over the pond. The apples were sour and wormy but— it was **his** tree. "Why— you— you— young vandals!" he spluttered, "I'll have the police on you — stealing — ruining my apple tree!"

"It's not your tree," the boy said defiantly. "It's my dad's. He's got his name wrote on it—if you want to see."

"Your dad's! Who is your dad? Where does he live?"

"In heaven."

"In— heaven—" The bluster went from the old voice.

"Yes, first he went to the war and then he went to heaven. An'—" the little face was beaming now, "he's got his name wrote in gold, too—down there on the big stone in the park. Mother's goin' to put the apple blossoms down there in front of the gold name——"

James Craig cleared his throat. He had forgotten that this was Decoration Day. But he was suddenly remembering how, six months before, when the cannery-hands had asked him to subscribe to the Memorial tablet, he had refused with a curt, "All nonsense; Wasted money!"

He muttered "Nonsense!" again now, but weakly.

"An' when my Dad looks down an' sees the blossoms he'll know we didn't forget him," the little voice finished firmly.

"Come on, Jimmy, we'll have to hurry," the girl called out from behind. She came running up, flushed, happy, over her armful of apple blossoms. "Aren't they lovely?" she demanded of the old man, and added, with a slight catch in her voice, "You know I had my first—and only, corsage from that old tree. That's why—" Something in his face worried her and she broke off with an abrupt, "You don't think anyone would object to my taking them, do you?"

"Of course not." James Craig was not conscious of what he was saying. He stared dazedly, incredulously, after the two as they hurried on down the path. After a time he opened the gate, hobbled across to the tree.

He had not been near it for years,—the gnarled old tree that his son had preferred to all those ten thousand choice apple ones. Memories lurked in every sun-dappled branch as he came up to it. He could see a small bare-footed boy swinging out on the big branch—stretched out reading—dreaming— And here on the trunk were rudely carved letters *J.C. 1930* — that was when he had been about twelve— then down below, newer and deeper, **J.** and **M.** in two entwined hearts, pierced by a cupid's arrow.

That had been the year he had fallen in love with one of the hands at the cannery . . . *A girl called Mary* . . . And had chosen her instead of ten thousand apple trees.

No one had ever dared, since that day, mention young Jim's name. And, as far as James Craig was concerned, his son had died long before that official notice had come from the war-office three years back. Yet, abruptly, five minutes before, on this bright May morning, Jim had come to life. He was smiling down at him from amongst

the branches of this memory-tree. He had been smiling at him too from the bright blue eyes of that girl—and the little Jimmy. His name would never shine out in neon lights against the sky. But it would be written "In gold" in the hearts that had loved him, forever.

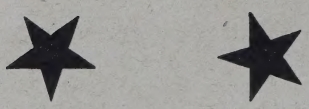
Old James Craig was suddenly trembling. He reached up, broke a spray of the blossoms and the next moment was hobbling along the path towards the village.

The simple tablet had already been unveiled when he arrived, and the sun, catching the carved names, had for the moment, transformed them into gold. One by one the cannery hands were filing past, placing their offerings of memory, a flag, a wreath, a simple blossom. Off to the side the church choir were singing: Kipling's great Recessional:

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

There was a pause as Mary Craig and her small son came up. She placed her blossoms before the tablet, then knelt for a moment, shaken with sobs.

Old James Craig came quietly up, knelt beside her. Quietly too, his one arm went around her, his other around little Jim.



CHECK IT

NICKEL. Until Russia took over Finnish mines, from which productions are unavailable, Canada produced over 90% of the world's nickel. The yearly average from Copper Cliff mines, 33,000 tons.

ASBESTOS. Canada is **first.** Produced 75% of asbestos supply of the United Nations in the war.

NEWSPRINT. Canada produces more than all the other countries of the world combined. In 1942 she produced three times that of the United States.

PLATINUM. Canada is **first.** Produces one billion tons of ore annually.

RADIUM. Another **first.** Rich deposits of pitch blende being found around Great Bear Lake in Northwest Territories.

MACKENZIE RIVER. This is the longest river in North America—2,525 miles. (Mississippi River, 2,486 miles).

EXPORTS. Canada is second largest exporting nation in the world.

MILITARY AIR ROUTE. Canada has the longest one in the world.

RAILWAYS. Canada has three trans-continental railways. Two are Government owned. The Canadian Pacific is privately owned.

CHURCHILL. This port on Hudson Bay is 76 miles closer to Liverpool than is New York. Hence it is becoming a great grain port for Canada's western wheatlands, but the season is short.

Canada's Parliament declared war on Japan December 7th, 1942. Two weeks passed before the United States Senate officially did likewise.

COPPER. In 1937 Noranda Mines at Rouyn, Quebec (near the Ontario border) were producing 3,000 tons per day.

—Contributed by Mrs. L. Pehle.

POETS' RONDEZVOUS

POETRY . . .

Edited by Kathryn Cross

SHAKESPEARE

POET OF THE AGES

Poetry from her reverie 'mid the mystery
of the spheres
Began to scan the pulse beats of the ever-
changing years.
She sang to a man a lofty hymn, unfailing
light and love,
Only a soul attuned her melody could hear,
So faint the sound, so distant to the ear.
He caught a stray note here and there,
Mingling with the din of elemental things,
And played upon his harp of many strings
A great and glorious symphony.
For him the dawn was gilded with her
magic rays,
Illuminating where life's hidden treasures
lay,
He showed us where the rebel angels fell,
Our failures, our passions, our sublimest
thoughts did tell.
Then lifted us to Heaven's own rim,
Where dwell the gold-winged seraphim,
Leading us to the open flower gate,
Nor closed by destiny or fate,
Awaking our dead selves to build anew,
From broken fragments, a spacious mansion
true.

—Kathryn Higgins Sommers.

MARCH

Albert Sidney Lehr

Old bluffer, yes, but underneath
There's something more than bluff;
Though cold-hot-lukewarm be your breath,
You've got the real stuff,—
You start the wheels of Spring to turn,
Old Scout, and that's enough.
You have one virtue, all too rare,—
You know how to produce;
Though you may bluff and rear and tear,
You do things for our use:
You shake old Nature's bolted doors,
And make her stores turn loose.
The birds, benumbed by Winter's cold,
You train for Springtime's choir;
You breathe on valley, field and wold,
And, as the Sun mounts higher,
We see a beauty, feel a job,
Beyond the heart's desire.
The billion billion living things
Within and on the earth,
Waked by your coaxing, prods and stings,
Are groaning in re-birth:
Soon with glad voice they will proclaim
Your deeds of matchless worth.
Blow, March, and bluster all you will!
We know that you will bring
Ten million gifts to cheer and thrill,
And that, ah, that's the thing!
And so, good friend, we crown you now
As our big-hearted King.
We love you for the things you do,
And not the things you say;
We know that you are kind and true,
Despite your blust'ring way:
You have a heart as pure as gold;
Your feet are never clay.
We love you, trust you, harsh old friend—
Yet—would not have you stay!

"LEST THEY BE DISTURBED"

The marvelous springs of 'old Missouri'
Let's cherish them forever
God blessed us with such grandeur
And this—We should not sever.
These spell-bound springs of beauty
In this grand old state of ours
Nestled deep among the Ozarks
To give us restful hours.
God gave us a 'Glympse of Glory'
In these, our wooded streams
As reflections of a sunset
Upon its placid water, gleams.
Let's keep the mill wheel turning
Down by the old red mill
Ozarkland would lose its charm
With its springs forever still.
One can not truly analyze——
The perfume of a white rose, rare
Nor the magic blue of moon-kissed
streams
Which hold one prisoner there.
From east to west—north to south
Folks praise these 'spots of charm'
Where bird songs blend with water tunes
We must santion this from harm.
We must sanction this from harm.
Man-made things can be replaced
But not God's handiwork divine
Let's hold dearly—this our heritage
Guard and protect it—yours and
mine.
These springs belong to the ages—
What grandeur, we would forfeit
there
Immortal and awe inspiring realms
We must challenge for its care.

—By Wilma G. Baumann.

CHILDREN

If all the homes held children,
What a happy world 'twould be;
What a wealth of golden music
Would ring forth from childish glee!
But alas, some homes are empty,
And some hearts are empty, too,
And the children here in Richmond Heights
Are, after all, too few.
After a hard day's over,
Oh who can know despair
With a curly head to cuddle
In a comfy rocking chair?
A curly head to cuddle,
A little form to hold;
Silken floss to brush one's cheek—
Spun sunshine of yellow gold.
Oh, on these fine spring mornings,
When the air is crisp and cool,
How I love to watch the children
Go traipsing past to school.
Spring's come 'round, but it has brought
No answer to my prayer;
I have no child to cuddle
In the empty rocking chair
The birds are nesting in the trees,
I watch the buds unfold
What compensation is there
For empty arms to hold?

—Kathryn Cross.

Snow

By Kathryn Cross

In their lacy, lacy dresses,
Come the fairy flakes of snow,
Gay ballet of para-troopers,
Whirling, dancing here below.

Multitudinous invasion—
We are conquered one and all
By the fairy para-troopers,
And their floating parasol.

And the garbage cans and fences,
Which so recently we saw,
Have a gala decoration,
For a white, white, Mardigras.

And the little fairy creatures
In their conquering sport and glee,
Have their parasols all tangled
In every shrub and tree.

An Albino white invasion,
From the Arctic's shores so white,
Came the little para-troopers,
Stealing in through the long night.

But behold a great Goliath,
That has come to meet the foe,
With his blazing shield of gold,
The great sun will melt the snow.

WAITING FOR SPRING

By Elizabeth M. Hoffman

The redbuds are ready to bloom in the woods,
Mother's now fingering polka dot goods,
Susan is picturing a milan straw hat,
Junior keeps eyeing the new baseball bat,
A worm was seen stirring within its cocoon,
Everywhere bright bulbs are eager to bloom.
The soft clouds are drifting up high overhead,
Father is brushing white paint on the shed,
And, out in the marsh, frogs are starting to croak,
Turtle dove's placing loose sticks in the oak,
There's unfailing promise in notes the birds sing,
Everyone's waiting the return of Spring!

1883 • • • 1949

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REMOTE STORAGE

WORK

Work is action, a product, a business, and energy. Work is our salvation, without work, life is without a goal. Idleness is the absence of work. When that exists, crime increases.

Mental activity combined with physical work is the ideal combination. Growth is made through work—when it goes beyond the limit set by man, then, man enters the creative field.

Today, everyone is waiting to have something handed to them on a silver platter, desire to be taken care of, through no energy or work on their part. People today want as little work as possible, but want full measure of profit that honest work brings. They demand security from all the ills of a Nation, a State or individual. You can shear the sheep once, but until the wool grows again, there is no wool to shear.

Through their own efforts people grow and develop. Work is the means of progression. Let us return to the simplicity of a life where honest toil brings its reward of happiness, hope, peace of mind and soul, to every individual.

THE MISSOURI SCHOOL JOURNAL CO.

Vol. 66 OCTOBER-NOVEMBER No. 4

No-one can shirk the responsibility to provide good seeing light for young eyes. This applies to teachers and schools as well as to mom and dad.

Good light is so easy to provide, lighting fixtures should be kept clean at all times to allow maximum light output. Burned out and darkened bulbs need to be promptly replaced with bulbs of the correct size for the seeing need they serve. And desk and table tops should have a dull light colored finish. This reduces glare and reflection that could injure young eyes.

These are little things to do . . . but they pay big dividends in good eye sight. Remember eyesight is priceless . . . good light is cheap.

MISSOURI POWER & LIGHT COMPANY
"ELECTRIC SERVICE IS CHEAP"

Esther Donaldson, Editor.

MISSOURI SCHOOL JOURNAL

ESTHER DONALDSON, Editor.
RUTH COLLINS, Assistant Editor.
KATHRYN CROSS, Poetry Editor.

October - November 1949
Vol. 66 No. 4

GREETINGS TO

Missouri State Teachers' Association, 1949

St. Louis welcomes the Missouri State Teachers' Association to its Convention.

We extend our hospitality to one and all. May your stay in our city be one to remember.

We have much to offer you besides the Educational Institutions of our city—visit our Zoo, one of the most complete in the United States and by far the most outstanding with its animal shows. The Zoo is situated in Forest Park—one of the largest parks of the world. While in Forest Park, visit the Art Museum and Jefferson Memorial where history is concrete and becomes alive before your eyes.

To seek beauty in flowers, we offer you Shaw's Garden (outranked only by Kew Gardens, England), and The Jewel Box in Forest Park.

If you are interested in statues of persons in history or achievement, we suggest Lafayette Park where there is one of Washington, erected in 1876; the exact center of the Park is marked by a statue of Thomas H. Benton with cannons from the war of 1776.

In Tower Grove Park there are marble busts of Gounod, Verdi, Rossini, Mozart, Wagner and Beethoven surrounding the music pavilion which were presented by William Shaw, also a bronze one of Columbus, Humboldt, and Shakespeare, unsurpassed by any in the city. Tower Grove Park is also noted for its numerous variety of trees, and ponds of waterlilies.

The Old Water Tower, the largest Corinthian column in the world, has recently been lighted.

We have a city who welcomes you whether you are from the East or West, Here is the opened gateway to receive from the East and give to the West.

Welcome, many thousand welcomes to a kingly, hospitable city.

HARVEST

The Autumn of 1948 brought forth a harvest, the largest in our history. This year 1949 is second only to last year's. We have an abundance and more, to share with the nations whose harvest is under par. There is a record supply of corn for producing meat, dairy and poultry products.

According to surveys, we may have surpluses in cotton, corn, wheat, oil seeds, and lesser crops.

Feed supply on farms will be the largest ever available, due to carry over from last year.

Surpluses should be distributed, and distributed wisely so that no nation, or individual should be in want—distributed so that food of any kind, fit for human consumption, should not be thrown to the four winds or hidden in storage, or forced into the slipstream where it goes to join the waste.

Booklet Describes Free School Forestry Publications

Washington, D. C.—A new 16-page booklet listing forestry materials available without charge for classroom use is now being distributed to schools in 48 states.

The bibliography, "Forests, Their Use and Conservation," eventually will be sent to more than 100,000 school and college officials by American Forest Products Industries, a non-profit educational organization.

Material listed in the annual publication deals with the importance of trees, the Nation's only natural renewable resource. Booklets, wall displays, and a motion picture, "Trees for Tomorrow," described in the bibliography, present facts intended to create a better understanding of forestry problems.

This year's release contains a special section announcing, by states, where "Trees for Tomorrow" can be ordered. Also featured is a review on "The Story of Forests," a 24-page picture booklet designed for school children in the fourth through eighth grades.

Copies of the bibliography may be obtained free of charge from the American Forest Products Industries, Inc., 1319 18th St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

WESTMINSTER COLLEGE

Founded 1851

FULTON, MISSOURI

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ZACK SEEKS—TO FIND

Ula Adams

During the years of the depression that followed the stock-market crash of '29 there sprang up at the very doorstep of St. Louis a village of shacks ironically dubbed Hooverville. Within a stone's throw of the water of the Mississippi River the ramshackle huts were built in haphazard fashion of odd pieces of board, roofing paper, corrugated iron and other waste material. Offering nothing but protection from the weather they represented the ultimate in poverty and frustration. Yet, miserable as they were, many of them housed pride, faith and hope for a better future.

This was particularly true of the shack in front of which, one hot summer morning, a small boy was playing listlessly with a cardboard box and a piece of string. His spindling arms and legs only partly concealed by the faded coveralls of denim, the thin pallid face indicated a diet insufficient in nourishment for the needs of a growing boy. Scanty meals had become increasingly meagre since the illness of his mother. Once the little family of three had gone to bed hungry because the last dime had been spent for the doctor's visit and medicine.

The boy had cried then and had asked why they did not go on relief as Tony Lacari's family had. His father had replied sharply, "A real man has too much pride to accept charity." Then he had thrown his arms around the boy and hugged him until it hurt, promising that there would be food for the next day. Early the following morning the father had given his child a light breakfast of crackers and milk borrowed from a neighbor. Afterward he had gone away leaving the boy to wait on his mother. That evening the family had had what was, for it, a feast paid for with the money the father had earned cutting grass on West End lawns.

The boy was thinking of that meal as he tried to fasten the string to the box so that he could drag it after him like a wagon.

This box had contained the small, but delicious, bit of jelly roll that had been the crowning glory of the feast. The boy would never forget the taste of that cake. He thought that he could still detect the odor of its goodness when he sniffed the inside of the box. As he fumbled awkwardly with the string, two older boys from nearby shacks hailed him.

"Hello, Zack! What you doin'?" inquired one. Then without waiting for a reply he said, "Here, let me do that." Drawing from his pocket a nail with which he made two holes in one end of the box, he inserted the string, and having deftly joined box and string, he handed them to Zack saying, "I guess we'll be leaving here soon. My dad found a steady job at last."

"Mine too", said the other boy.

William Woods College

LIBERAL ARTS JUNIOR COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1890

A Women's College in a Coed Town

FULTON, MISSOURI

"My mom's goin' to look for a flat today." Then seeing a group of boys dipping bare toes in the shallow water along the river's edge, he darted off to join them. "C'mon," he called over his shoulder. "C'mon. It's the gang."

The small boy watched the others go, but made no effort to follow. He was not allowed to play near the water. He turned and walked slowly in the opposite direction dragging the precious box. "Why can't Daddy find a steady job if other dads can?" he wondered. "Of course now he has to stay with mother while she's sick and he can't look for one. But why couldn't he find one before now?"

Although Zack had often heard the expression "looking for work" and "finding a job", he had no clear understanding of what they meant. He had a hazy idea that if a person kept walking and looking carefully all around he would find a job as he did lost articles. He wondered if he could find a job for his father.

When he reached the point that his parents had fixed as the limit of his rambles he did not turn back as usual. Instead he hid the box in a patch of weeds, and then continued walking.

It seemed to Zack that he had walked a long time when he found himself at the top of a broad levee paved with cobble stones. Automobiles and horse drawn drays were being driven to and fro. At the foot of the levee a steamboat was moored. Zack could see people going aboard. Two women with several children passed the boy, and he followed them as far as the end of the gang-plank where he stood watching the crowd. Nearly everyone carried a paper-wrapped box or a large basket with a white napkin covering the contents. Groups of late comers, laughing and chattering gaily, hurried down the levee and onto the gang-plank jostling Zack who grasped the railing to keep his footing.

Someone called, "All aboard", and the crowd squealed, giggled and shoved excitedly, sweeping Zack along with it. He tried to hold back, but he could not. He felt an arm around his shoulder and heard a woman's voice say, "Hurry, Boy! You will be left behind." Before he realized what had happened he was on the boat, the gangplank was raised and all hope of retreat was cut off. He tried to cry a protest, but the people nearest to him misunderstood. "It's all right, Sonny. Nothing to be afraid of" reassured him from all sides. Too frightened to speak, and ashamed to weep, he stood at the rail with the crowd, as the strip of brownish water widened between the riverbank and the steamer which, for all Zack knew, might be bearing him away from his parents forever.

As the excursion boat swung out into the channel the passengers left the rail and began to make themselves comfortable for the long day ahead. Mothers established headquarters for their families at tables on which they piled boxes and baskets to be opened later for the picnic lunch.

Zach was immediately surrounded by the children who seemed to be charges of the stout, kind-faced woman who had herded him onto the boat. The children clamored for something to eat, and the woman doled out cookies to all of them with the suggestion that they "run along and have a good time". Apparently boat excursions were no novelty to the youngsters. They offered to guide Zack in a tour of the boat, and, with almost proprietary pride, pointed out the things and places

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they had found interesting. Gradually the boy lost his fear in wonder at this new experience.

When lunch time came it was accepted as a matter of course that Zack should eat with his new-found friends. No one asked him if he had come with relatives or friends, and he had not explained that he was alone. At first he ate slowly and carefully in order to make his sandwich last as long as possible. He had been taught to do this, as there were seldom second helpings for anyone. He politely refused a second sandwich; but, urged by the children and the kind-faced woman to eat his fill he was soon satisfying his appetite as eagerly as any of them. It was a long time since he had had all he wanted to eat.

After the meal the children trooped up to the top deck taking Zack with them. They were restless, inquisitive youngsters never staying in one place very long. They dashed from side to side of the boat, now to wave at people on the river-bank, now to call to some men fishing from a boat, or merely to watch the foam and ripple of the water as the steamer cut a path through it. Zack enjoyed this activity for a while; but the heat of the day, the reflection of the sun on the water and the bountiful meal he had eaten combined to make him feel very tired. He climbed onto a chair with broad, flat arms that stood in the shade of the pilot house. The breeze was cool, the motion of the boat soothing. Zack slid down in the chair until his head rested on its arm; he closed his eyes. The children clustered about him until they saw that he was asleep. Then they went away and left him alone.

By this time there was great excitement in Hooverville. When Zack did not return to his home at midday his father became worried. Unable to leave his sick wife long enough to hunt for the child, he enlisted the services of his neighbors. The alarm spread quickly and soon every able man, woman and child was looking for the boy. The people of Hooverville had nothing to give but their time and sympathy. They gave freely of both, but to no purpose. At last the police were called in to continue the search.

Meanwhile, unconscious of the anxiety he had caused his parents, Zack slept soundly. The spot of shade cast by the pilothouse grew smaller and disappeared as the sun moved into the west and shone full on the sleeping boy. It was so that the boat's captain discovered him later in the afternoon.

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"He shouldn't be sleeping in this hot sunshine. Why don't some mothers take better care of their children?" thought the Captain. Aloud he said, "Wake up, Son", as he shook the boy gently by the shoulder. Zack stirred and murmured, "Hello, Daddy!" Then he opened his eyes.

Boy and man stared at each other in bewilderment; the boy because he was looking at a strange face; the man because the face of this unknown child seemed curiously familiar. "Where have I seen that child before?" the Captain asked himself. "The gray eyes; the brown hair with the copper lights." To the boy he said, "Come, Son. Let's find your mother. Does she know where you are?"

Then little by little Zack told the story of the day's adventures. He told, also, of his mother's illness, and of her need for an operation to make her well again; of his father's fruitless search for a job. "An' so I tried to find a job for Daddy", he ended. The Captain listened with g r o w i n g interest. "Child, what is your name?" he asked. "Zack," replied the boy.

"I mean your full name," said the Captain.

"James Zachery Thorne, III," replied the boy proudly. "My Daddy's name is James Zachery Thorne, Jr." he said.

Although the captain was looking at Zack he did not see him. His thoughts were fixed on the face of another boy with gray eyes and brown hair with copper lights—the angry defiant face of a boy in his late teens.

"His son," said the captain to himself. "His son." Had he spoken aloud his voice would have held great tenderness. "What a fool I was," he accused himself bitterly. "That silly quarrel was nothing but a young man's pride against an old man's stubbornness." At last he spoke to Zack who was looking at him anxiously. "Do you know," he said, "it's funny, but my name, too, is James Zachery Thorne."

It was nearly dusk when Captain Thorne stood before the shack into which Zack had gone to find his father. When he returned he was followed by a dark haired young man whose gray eyes were like his.

"Why, Dad!" exclaimed the young man in pleased surprise extending his hand.

The Captain clasped it firmly. "Jim, my boy, why didn't you let me know how things were with you?" he asked gently, his eyes moist with tears. Then father, son and grandson disappeared into the shack.

The next day Zack stood in front of his shack talking with the two older boys.

"We're leavin' tomorrow," said one of the older ones.

"My mom found a flat; we're moving next week," said the other.

"My daddy has a job now, and we're goin' to live in a house with a big yard," said Zack. "An' my grandpa is goin' to take me on his boat whenever I want to go."

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THE COMPLETE DESIGN

Agnes Ruth Hoffinger

As I sat one day visiting in a friend's house, my attention was directed to a rare and costly shawl which was lying on a chair. All afternoon a kitten played with its fringe, for how could it appreciate or perhaps even see the bright colors or the exquisite design, and I said to myself: "How often I play but with the fringe of life's experiences because I do not see the beauty of its design, or perhaps I do not even know it has a pattern. This, I am sure, is what I do when I rest in the sunshine of a happy incident as if there were no more to it than just what I now enjoy; or I see but the bitterness of suffering rather than its ultimate result, not remembering the Bible admonition: 'Judge nothing before the time'."

Feeling the need for some moments of silence, I once gave a little girl who was a guest in my house, a game to play with, expecting that she would be interested in it. It did not hold her attention for long because she did not understand the directions I had so hastily explained to her. I then presented them to her in more detail, and learning to play the game she became absorbed in it, and remarked: "This is a lot better game than I thought it was when I understood just a tiny bit of it. It's really fun."

So it is with human life, when under Divine explanation, I come to understand more than "just a tiny bit of it." It's fun to work out the problems when I remember that I must not think of a single incident as a complete experience, but realize that it is but a line or curve in a design. When it is completed I shall understand and see the beauty of its pattern. Surely it was such understanding that enabled Jesus to take being persecuted for doing what he should have done and to say to me, that when this happens to me, that I should rejoice and be exceeding glad for "great is your reward." Surely I need to become intimate with the ultimate, to remember that Jesus did not throw away his ticket because the train on which he was riding went into a tunnel. He knew that even if it was dark, and he could not see, the train had not stopped, and it was making just as good time in the forward journey, as when the sunlight streamed into the windows.

Someone has said: "There is no complete solution to anything in life but a mathematical problem. The Christian gospel does not solve things, but always opens up new vistas. Jesus preached a dawn gospel, for he said "FOLLOW me", which suggests that one is always to keep moving toward something more. Does not this intimate that life is a continuous discovery? Everything I see or experience hints something greater. Today's incidents are but part of a bigger whole, and must be so reckoned with. I need to grow from part seeing to whole seeing, and to understand as Scripture says: "Now I see but in part", and again, "These are but parts of Thy ways." I must come not to interpret life by its pieces, not to give either loyalty or worry to incidentals; to be willing to allow myself to walk step by step, and day by day, until I am able to see and enjoy the whole, never allowing either the past or the present to be so dear, that I hold to their limits; not to be content to play but with the fringe of life, but satisfied only when line by line, and curve by curve, I have traced the complete design.

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DAILY ROUND

Kathryn Cross

I heard within the voice of God,
Telling me what to write;
And he told me to look at the winter stars,
And oh what a glorious sight.

But I gave them only the briefest glance,
I had no time for stars;
There were dishes to wash and socks to mend,
Into the wee small hours.

And I woke in the morn to the voice of God,
Saying, "Wake for the air is sweet,
And the birds all sing, the praise of spring,
And cannot you too compete?"

And I was full of the joy of life,
I wanted to sing and dance,
I wanted to sing to a rose gold dawn,
Till I gave the clock a glance.

There was breakfast to get, a table to set,
And hungry mouths to feed;
So I laid aside a rose gold song,
For a more imperative need.

And all day long, I worked and cleaned,
And little songs came to me,
But I had no time to write them down,
I had no hour that was free.

And twilight came in the supper hour,
How I love the sunset sky;
But I had no time to look at it,
For there was a steak to fry.

But through a window I'd burnished bright,
I saw a patch of red,
And I stole a moment to look at it,
While I cut the bread.

And afterwards came the dishes again,
And I put the children to bed;
And fitted the pillows with infinite care,
Under each golden head.

And I stood and watched them fall asleep,
And I asked God to keep them the night,
And a little song sprang up in my heart,
A song much too sacred to write.

I remembered I had not watered my flowers,
And so I went outside
And the moon was still behind the trees,
Like a timid white veiled bride.

And I could not see my gay little flowers,
For the light was much too dim;
But God gave me the fragrance of their hearts.
And I made a prayer to Him.

And He told me to stay, till the moon had cast,
Her spell of silver light;
He would give me a poem to lift men's hearts,
He would give me the song of night.

But I said I cannot dally here,
Where the air is oh so sweet;
There is work to be done, I must go inside,
There are things yet to complete.

WOOD SMOKE

Esther Donaldson

Have you ever seen wood smoke
Rise from all the chimney tops,
On a clear winter's night, evoke
The beauty of a frost that pops.

It twirls and swirls pure white,
Floats upward to form the Milky Way.
You tread lightly on such a night,
With uplifted face, heart all gay.

Snow crunching under foot, while
The frost, nipping at ears and nose,
Snap your fingers and smile,
Tingling life to the end of your toes.

Then, upward goes your glance,
Watching the dreams of those inside,
Soar in white wood smoke and dance
From the hearth fires, as they glide.
One dream goes to that big star,

The dream from you home to the moon;
Another to the Northern Lights so far,
And lots stay wafting till noon.
On the beams of star twinkle,

On the rays of moon glow,
Northern Lights dancing colors so fickle,
Dreams are relayed to us below.
To you, to me, wherever we may be,

God bless all these little dreams from above;
When they come down to you or me,
Grant their fulfillment may be in love.

A MOONLIGHT REVERIE

Albert Sidney Lehr

Here by the window—
The moon is looking down on me,
And I am gazing up to it:
In this blest hour of reverie
I lose myself, and seem to fit
In great Creation's perfect scheme—
Alas, that it is but a dream!

I sit and gaze upon the moon—
It is so bright, and still, and high!
All earth and heaven seem in tune,
And holy Peace pervades the sky.
Laden with Heaven's sweet perfume,
Supernal breezes fill my room.

So calm, the moon looks down on me—
Looks down on only me, it seems!
How could her Presence elsewhere be
When concentrated here she beams!
Could all her gracious Self be here
And still be present otherwhere?

Queen of the nightly Host, still shine
And throw thy spell divine on me!
Sweet Heaven itself is mine the while
I taste of thy serenity.
O, holy Presence, healing balm,
How softly bright, how pure and calm!

Is this sweet hour a faint foretaste
Of what our hearts call Heaven?
Shall earth be like to this at last
When hence the clouds are driven?
When the thick darkness overcast
By Truth is rent and riven?
If this faint glimpse is Heaven I see,
What must the whole of Heaven be!

The moon is looking down on me,
And up to her I'm gazing:
I sit and gaze all silently—
The scene is so amazing!
The moon and stars up there I see:

I muse: "Do eyes up there see me—
Up there midst the blazing?"
Surely the eyes in that pure sphere
Have vision brighter than ours here!

Snow

By Kathryn Croes

In their lacy, lacy dresses,
Come the fairy flakes of snow,
Gay ballet of para-troopers,
Whirling, dancing here below.

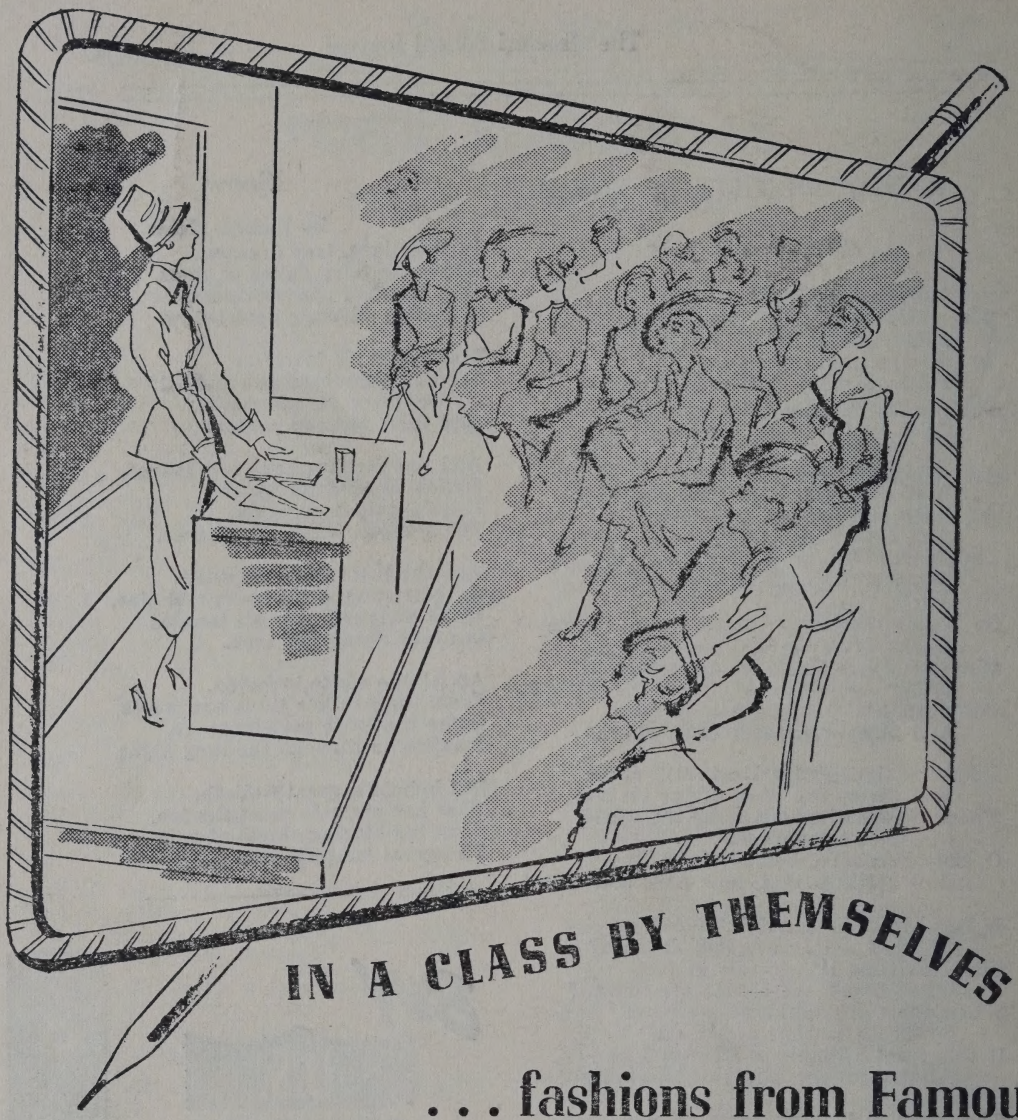
Multitudinous invasion—
We are conquered one and all
By the fairy para-troopers,
And their floating parasol.

And the garbage cans and fences,
Which so recently we saw,
Have a gala decoration,
For a white, white, Mardigras.

And the little fairy creatures
In their conquering sport and glee,
Have their parasols all tangled
In every shrub and tree.

An Albino white invasion,
From the Arctic's shores so white,
Came the little para-troopers,
Stealing in through the long night.

But behold a great Goliath,
That has come to meet the foe,
With his blazing shield of gold,
The great sun will melt the snow.



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